

THE MINDES
Melodie.

CONTAYNING CERTAYNE

Pfalmes of the Kinglie Prophete

Dauid, applyed to a new pleasant

tune, verie comfortable to

*euery one that is sighful &
quainted therewith.*



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teris, Printer to the Kings most

Excellent Maiestie. 1605.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.



An Obseruation.

The diuision of the verses is knowne by this
marke ¶



THE MINDES

Melodie.

PSAL. I.



LEST is the man,
Yea happie than,
By grace that can
Eſchew ill counſell and the
godles gates:
And walkes not in

The way of ſin,
Nor doth begin
To ſit with mockers in the ſcornefull ſates,
But in IEHOVAES law
Delites aright,
And ſtudies it to know
Both day and night:
That man ſhall bee
Like to the tree
Faſt planted by the running riuer growes:
That fruite doth beare
In tyme of yeare,
Whoſe leafe ſhall neuer fade, nor rute vnloſe.

A 2

PSALME XXIII.

His actions all,
Ay prosper shall,
Which shall not fall;
The goulies men but as the calfe or sand:
That day by day,
Winde driu th away,
Therefore, I say,
The wicked in the judgement shall not stand:
Nor sinners rise no more
Whom God disdaines,
In the assemblie where
The iust remaines:
For why? the Lord,
Who beareth record,
Doth know the righteous conuersations ay;
And godles gates,
Which he so hates,
Shall quite die, perish & doubtesse decay.

PSALME IIIII.

To thee I call,
In my great thrall,
And troubles all:
Hear me, o Lord my God of righteousness,
Of mercie free,
Thou hast set mee
At libertie,
Haue mercie Lord, and rid me from distresse.
O men of mortall name,

How

PSALME IIII.

How long will yee
My glorie turne to shame,
With vanitie?
O Sonnes of men,
Why doe ye then
Seeke after lies with the vngodly ghueſts
The Lord aboue,
Doth surelie loue
The godlie man, and heareth my request.
¶ In aw therefore,
Giue God the glories
And sinne no more:
With quyet mynde examine well your heart,
Your sweete incense
Of innocence
With confidence
Bring to the Lord, your selues to him conuert.
The worldlie wretch all day
Doth neuer cease.
For well and wealth to pray,
This life to ease:
But thou thy grace,
And louing face
With brightfull beames make on vs Lord to
Grant vs thy light (shine
And fauour bright,
We pray the Lord thine care to vs incline,
¶ With heart and voice,
I will reioyce,

PSALME VI.

And make my choise
Of this thy grace, before all worldlie cares
This treasure great
Doth me delite,
With joy persute,
More then the wretch, for al his goods & gear
As granes and grapes so gay
In tyme of yeare,
That fillies his heart, I say,
With joyfull cheare.
In rest and peace,
I finde release,
And wil ly down, & sleepe with sound repose,
For thou my garde,
And sure rewarde,
My help, my hope, doest keep me from my foes.

PSALME VI.

LORD I requyre,
That in thine yre
Fuming as fyre,
Thou me no way ex rebuke nor yet reject:
Though I doe swerue,
And so deserue,
That I should sterue,
In mercie Lord, I pray thee yet correct:
For grieve and anguish, hea
Me so oppress,
That in my weary bones

I finde

PSALME VI

I finde no rest:
My soule and mynde,
Are so sore pynde,
That it I can expresse in no degree:
O Lord I say,
How long delay,
Wilt thou to cure my woe and miserie?
¶ Let thy sweete face,
And wonted grace
In tyme and space
Returne to free my soule from all her paines
Not for no thing
That she can bring:
That is condigne,
But for thy mercie freely made her gaine.
For whyt amongst the dead
Who shall thee praise?
Shall dust and asse in earth
Thy glorie blaise?
My plaintes trewlie,
So grieuous be,
That I am like to swerue I am so faint,
All night I greet,
My couch I weet (plaint.
With trickling tears gusht out with my com-
¶ Mine eyes dim bee,
And will not see
My sinne trewlie,
And grieve hes so posselt my heauie heart

PSALME VIII.

For feare of those,
That be my foes,
And would reioise
To see my wreak & would my soule subuert.
But now away all ye
That wicked be:
For the Lord he hath heard
My plaint and crie:
And not onelie,
He hath heard me,
But granted my request and whole desyre:
And shall my foes,
In tyme disclose,
And the confound with shame in his hote yre

PSALME VIII.

JEHOVA, Lord
Who can record
In writ or word
Thy name so great on earth & euerie where?
Which thou hast plaist,
As please thee best,
And worthiest
Aboue the heauens and christall cleared aire.
Thou makes thy laude and praise
Thy strength and might
From breath of babes to rise,
Both day and night
In suckling ones,

Thy

PSALME VIII.

Thy graces remaines
For to be seene, and beautie excellent:
The mouth to close
Of godlesse foes,
That readie are to slay the innocent.
¶ When I behold
The high heauens mould,
That doth vnfold
Thy wondrous works by thy owne fingers
The Moone so bright, (wrought
And starrie light,
That shines by night:
With gleaming fires, all formed out of nought:
What thing is mortall wight,
Then doe, I say,
Of whome thou Lord of might,
Art myndfull ay?
The Sonne of man,
What is he than,
Whom thou by grace doest choose, & bea-
Yet little lesse, (use
I must confesse,
Thou hast him made then Angels in degree.
¶ And thou his name,
And glorious frame,
Exalts with fame,
And crownes his head with royall Majestie
And as a King,
Him sets to raigne,

PSALME XV.

Our euerie thing,
That life, breath, forme & shape hath taine of
As sheepe, Oxe, horse, and beast (thee
That feeds on land:
Yea all such things are preast
At his commande:
The fishe that swym,
With out-spred fin,
And fowls eachone that haunt into the Aire:
IEHOVA Lord,
Who can record
Thy Name so great on earth and euerie wher?

PSALME XV.

OLORD who shall
Thy tent indwell,
Celestiall,
Who shall abide within thine holie hill?
That walks in light,
And doth thats right
With all his might,
His brothers name doth not reproach & spill:
Nor yet can heare his fame
In any sort
To be impeache with blame,
Or false report:
That doth abstaine
From euerie meane
And wrongful way to work his neighbour wa
And

PSALME XIX.

And in whose sight
The wicked wight
That God despytes, despyted is also.
¶ But such as loue
The Lord aboue,
He doth approue
And honours them with loue and reuerence:
That band doth make,
And will not breake,
For losse nor lacke
That may ensue, nor any such pretence.
Nor yet doth put his coyne
To vsurie:
Nor the iust cause purloine
Through bryberie,
Who meanes right so,
These thinges to do,
And steadfastlie doth keepe the persite way,
As Syon Hill
He shall stand still.
And neuer moue, nor perishe or decay.

PSALME XIX.

THE firmament,
And heauens out-stent,
So excellent
Thy handy-work & glorious praise proclaim
Each day to day,
Succeeding ay

PSALME XIX.

In their array,

And night to night by course doe preache the
No sound of breath nor speech (same)

Of men haue they,

Yet euerie-where they preache

Thy praise, I say:

Their lyne goeth out,

The earth about,

Their voice is heard throughout the world so
There be a throne, (wide)

Set for the Sunne

And Payllion plight, his mansion to abide,

Who like a groome

Of great renoume

Right braue doth come

From chamber straight with comlie countenances

Or like a knight

In pleasant plight,

Doth haste with might

To runne the race, his honor to aduance

His ryding and his race

It doth appeare

Euen from the out-most space

Of heauens Spheare,

Then let he tame,

His course againe

Through a azure sky by reuolution right

Nothing can be

Hid from the eye

And

PSALME XIX.

And burning beames of that great lampe of
 ¶ Gods word is cleare (light)

His law sincere,
 And most entere

The sinfull soule to him for to conuert:

His precepts pure,
 Both firme and sure,
 And can allure,

And make right wise the sober simple heart.

Thy wayes and statutes all
 Are righteousnesse,
 Which glad the soules in thrall,
 With joyfullnesse,

They giue cleare light,
 To our blinde sight,

Thy feare is pure and euer permanent:

Thou cannot rew;

Thy judgements true,

And righteous are, o Lord Omnipotent.

¶ Much gold of price,

Refined twyce,

Yea, more then thryce

not in worth with them for to be valuer

The horie white,

Pure and perfit,

Mewing delite

not so sweete, nor so much to be craved.

They make thy seruants wile

And circumspect,

And

PSALME XIX.

And what to enterprife,
They him direct
In keeping them
Great is the gaine
And rich rewarde for such lade vp for euery
But who can count
Sinnes that surmount
From secreet sins, good Lord my soule deliuer.
O Lord vouchsaue,
I humblie craue
Me for to saue,
And cleanse my hart frō proud presumptuous
Then shall I bēe .
From sinnes set free
That troubles mee,
Preserue me Lord that I walke not therein:
And let them not preuaile
Me to possesse:
Then I will without faile
Loue righteousness:
Accept my plaint,
Which I present
Before thy light with humble hart and voice:
My strength and stay,
Thou art for ay,
And Sauour sweete in whom I do rejoyce.

PSALME XXIII.

THE Lord most hie,
I know will be,

An heyde

PSALME XXIII.

An heyde to me,
I can not long haue stresse nor stand in needes
He makes my leare,
In fields so fare,
That without care
I doe repose, and at my pleasure feede.
He sweetlie me conuoyes
To pleasant springes,
Where nothing me annoyes,
But pleasure bringes:
He giues my minde
Peace in such kinde,
That feare of foes nor force can not me reauer
By him I am lead
In perfite tread,
And for his Name he will me neuer leave.
¶ Though I should slay
Euen day by day,
In deadlie way,
Yet would I be as surde, and feare no ill:
For why? thy grace
In euerie place
Doth me embrace,
Thy rod & shiþ hirts-crook comforts me still
In despyte of my foe,
My table growes:
Thou balmes my head with ioy,
My cuppe ouer-flowes,
Kindnesse and grace,

PSALME XLIII.

Mercie and peace,
Shall follow me for all my wretched dayes:
Then endles joy,
Shall me conuoy
To heauen where I with thee shall be alwaies.

PSALME XLIII.

O LORD of grace,
Iudge thou my case
From thy high place
My cause reuenge against my deadlie foe
From wicked traine,
Of fraudfull men,
That thee misken.
Saue me, O Lord, for I in thee reioise:
Thou art my God and aide,
My strength and stay:
Why go I then dismaide,
(In this array)
Why shouldst thou mee
Reject from thee,
As pray to those that seeke my soule to spill?
Send out thy light,
Thy trueth and right
And guide my wayes vnto thy holie hill.
Then will I to,
Thine Altar goe,
Not fearing foe:
With Harp in hand to sing thy praise for euer
My

PSALME LVII.

My God so deare,
My joy and cheare,
Who doest me heare,
With readie helpe do now my soule deliuer:
My soule, why doest thou treate
Thus in my breast,
With grudging quiete over-set,
Not taking rest?
In God most iust,
Set all thy trust,
And call on him in all thy stresse and greefes:
I will alwayes,
Him laude and praise,
He is my God, my helpe, my whole releefe,

PSALME LVII.

HAVE reuth on me,
Have reuth on me,
O Lord from hee,
Have mercy Lord, in thee my soule doth trust:
Vnill at last,
This stormie blast
Be duer-past,
In shadow of thy winges my hope shall rest:
On God most high I call
My hearts delytes
Who will his promise all
To me perfite:
From Heavens Throne
B

PSALME LVII.

He will send downe
And saue me from the sharp rebuke & shame
Of cruell foes,
That me inclose:
His mercie sure shall keepe me from al blame.
¶ I lie beset
With Lyons net,
And men are met
In fyrie rage my seclie soule to catcha
Whole teeth I weene,
Like arrowes keene
Are to be seene,
Their tongues like swordes some mischeef for
Exalt thy selfe therefore (to hatch,
The heavens aboue:
On earth shew forth thy glore,
And power proue:
A snare is made,
And grins are laide
My steps to trap, my feete to fold withall:
I am opprest,
A ditch is drest
For me but loe my foes therein doe fall.
¶ My heart is bent
And permanent
With full intent
To praise the Lord and to extoll his name:
My tongue alway,
Awake I say,

By

PSALME XCI.

By breake of day:

My Harpe in haste and Viole doe the same.

I will thee praise among

The people all:

As God and Lord most strong

Thee praise I shall;

Thy mercies great,

And trueth perfit

Doe reache vnto the heauens & cloudie sky;

Exalt therefore

Thy Name and glorie

About the clouds and limites of the day.

PSALME XCI.

WHO doth confyde,

And so abyde,

All tyme and tyde

In secreete and in shade of the most Hie:

He may well say,

God is my stay,

And strength alway,

My forth, my hope, in whom my trust doth lie

He shall thee keepe and fence

From hunters snares:

From cruell Pestilence

And all such feare;

And shall the hide

On euery side,

In shadow safe and couert of his winges:

PSALME XCI.

His trueth most sure,
Ay to indure
Thy sheeld shalbe against all noy some things.
¶ Thou shalt not care,
For any feare,
By night or eare.
Or noone-day bright for the swift sleing darts
No fearefull PeD,
That may molest,
By night shall test
On thee, nor plague by day that falles athwart.
Although a thousand men
Before thine eye,
Yea more then thousands ten,
Should fall hard by:
None ill at all,
Shall thee be fall,
No dangerous death nor dread shal come thee
But wicked ones, (neare
That God disclames
He will reward, as thou shalt see most cleare.
¶ He not affraid,
Since thou hast said,
God is mine aide,
And the most high hast set for thy refuges
No harme nor hurt,
Within thy court
Shall doe thee hurt,
No speach shall come within thy tent to ludge:
For

PSALME CL

For he his Angels bright
Hath geuen command
To keep thee day & night
On euerie hand
And by their armie,
To saue from harme,
And stay thy steps from stumbling at a stone:
Thou shalt down-tread
The dragons head, (one,
The Lyons, scarce, the Aspes, their yong each-
¶ Because the Lord,
Of his accord,
Hath said the word
I will him saue and send deliuerance:
He doth adore,
And loue my glore:
I will therefore
Him (saith the Lord) to honor high aduance.
When he shall on me call
In tyme of needes
I will from dangers all
Rid him with speedes
And him defend,
And succour send
In troubles all, and then him glorifie:
I will alwayes,
Prolong his dayes,
And he doubtlesse my sauing health shall see

PSALME CL

PSALME CI.

NOW will I sing,
 To thee, o King,
 Aboue all thing,
 Of mercie mixt with iudgement righteous:
 In perfit way,
 I will me flay,
 Awaiting ay
 Vntill thou come, my God most gracious:
 In mynde and heart vpright
 I will begin
 To walke before thy sight
 My house within:
 No wickednesse
 Shalt me poffesse,
 The finners worke I hate with all difdaine:
 None ill at all,
 Shall with me dwell,
 Mine heart, mine hand, from fuch I wil refrain,
 ¶ Thou froward heart,
 That workes me smart
 From me depart,
 Go take thy leaue, for I no ill will know:
 Such as defame
 With slanderous blame
 Their neighbours name
 I will deftroy, and then no mercie fhew.
 The proud prefumptuous ghuelt
 With lofte looke,
 And hautie nunde poffeft

I can

PSALME CXVII.

I can not brooke,
Myne heart, myne eye
Shall euer be
Vpon the iust, and faithfull of the land:
They shall abyde
All tyme and tyde
Within thy Court, to serue at thy command.
¶ The man I say,
That doth not stray
From the right way,
I will aduance in honour to excell:
The guilefull man
That no good can
But lie and faigne,
Out of mine house with speed I will expell.
I will cut out by tyme
Out of the land
All the rebellious trayne,
And godlesse band:
And I doe meane
For to maintaine
Gods holie house and sacred Citty free,
That wicked men
May not remaine
Within his gates for their iniquitie.

PSALME CXVII.

O NATIONS all,
Both great and small,

PSALME CXXI.

With Israell

Vnto the Lorde sing laude and lasting praise:

Exalt his Name,

And glorious fame,

Alwhere proclame

For why? his grace and glorie abides alwaies.

He doth his tender loue

To vs extend,

As well each day we proue,

It hath no end:

This mightie Lord,

In worke and word

Is constant sure, his trueth cannot decay:

Giue him therefore

All laude and glorie.

Who doth on vs his loue and grace display.

PSALME CXXI.

WHEN I behold,
These Montanes cold,
Can I be bold

To take my journey through this wilderness?

Wherein doth stand,

On eyther hand,

A bloudie band,

To cut me off with cruell craftinesse:

Heere subtle Sathans sight,

Doth me assaile:

Ther his proud worldly might

Think

PSALME CXXI.

Thinks to preuall:
In euerie place,
With pleasant face
The snares of sinne besets me round about:
With poyson sweete,
To slay the Spirite,
Conspyred all to take my life no doubt.
¶ But God is hee,
Will succour mee,
And let me see.

His sauing health ay readie at command:
Euen I E H O V A,
That creat a/
Both great and smal,
In heauen and aire, and in the sea and land.
Freat not my fearefull heart,
My breast within,
This God will take thy part
Thy course to rin:
He will thee guyde,
Thou shalt not slyde,

Thy feet shalt steadfast stand in the right way:
He will thee keepe,
He will not sleepe,
Nor suffer foes to catch thee as a pray.
¶ The Lord doth keepe,
Israell his sheepe,
And will not sleepe,
Beneath his shadow thou shalt saile ly:

PSALME CXV.

Right sure and firme,
With his right arme,
Saue the from harme
He shall, and all thy fearefull foes defy.
The day hote, Sunnes offence,
Shall not thee greeue,
Nor cold Moones influence
By night thee moe,
God of his grace,
From his high place
Shall saue thee from all ill in euerie way:
Thou goes about,
Both in and out,
He shall thee bleſſe and prosper now and ay.

PSALME CXV.

AS Sion Hill,
That's firme and still,
And neuer will,
Nor can remoue, through danger of decaye
So that man shall,
Lord with thee dwell,
Fearing no fall,
Who truſtes in thee, and, shall indure for ay.
Like Mountaines round about
Ieruſalem:
IEHOVA ſo no doubt
Shall couer him:
The rod and yocke

PSALME CXXVIII.

Of Gods owne flocke
Shall not ay rest vpon the godlie race:
Lest they through guile,
Without releeve
The wandring waies of wicked men imbrace.
¶ O Lord our God,
Remoue thy rod,
Make not abode
From such as feare thy name with perfit harts
And walke vpight,
Before thy sight,
In thy trew light,
Thy grace their guyde let not from them de-
But such as slide abacke, (part
In crooked wayes,
The Lord shall overtake,
With suddaine trayes:
Their lot and part
Shall be in smart,
With sinfull men that perishe in thy rage.
With Isragll,
Thy peace let dwell
O bleiled Lord, to last from age to age,

PSALME CXXVIII.

O BLEST is hee
That feareth thee,
O Lord most hie,
And doth obserue thy constant will and way:

PSALME CXXVIII,

O well to him,
That hath begun
This course to run;
His labour shall him pleasant frute repay:
To his great joyes encrease
In reuthfull neede,
IEHOVA will him dresse
His life to feede:
His wife shall bee
Like to the tree
That growes full gay fast by his houses side:
His children fair,
Like Olyues rare,
His table shall decore both tyme and tyde.
¶ Such mans successe,
And happinesse,
Shall still increase,
As feares thee, o Lord most righteous:
Thou wilt not misse,
Right so to blesse
Both him and his
With riches rare and pleasure plenteous
From Sions holie Hill
Thou shalt see then
To stand and flourish still
Ierusalem:
Thy race and seede,
Shall budde and breed
Before thine eyes in happie state and store.
With

PSALME XLIII.

With Israell,
And Iuda shall
Thy peace, O Lord, abyde for euer more.

THE SONG OF SIMEON,

S. Luke 2. verse 25.

SINCE that mine eye
Before I die.

O Lord doth see

Thine holie one, our hope and onelie stay:

Whom thou hast send,

In latter end

For to extend

Thy mercies great, that doe endure for ay:

Then let thy seruant Lord,

Depart in peace:

And me of thine accord,

Send to my place,

As thou hast said,

And promise made

That can not faile nor fall in vaine away:

For I rejoyce,

In heart and voyce,

That I haue seene thy sauing health this day.

¶ Whom thou a light,

Hast set full bright,

Before the sight

Of Gentiles far and people round about:

And sendst with grace.

Sinne to deface,
And glorious peace
For to proclame, the earth and world throughe-
And as thy Prophetes told (out
A signe to bee,
For Nations to behold
With faithfull eyes:
In speciall,
Thine Israell
To rid from thral, and saue them by his might
That he their glorie,
For euer more,
On Sion hill may shine in beautie bright.



GLORIA PATRI.

O King of Kings
In heauen that rings,
Abooue all things,
Thy people chosen of thine onelie grace:
To raigne with thee
Eternallie,
Them sanctifie
Into thy sweete and euerlasting peace:
Laude to the Trinitie,
On which we call,

One

One God in persones three
Surmounting all;
Fountain: profound,
All praise redound
To thee ô Father with thy Son most sweetes
That Prince of glorie,
Did vs restore,
Likewise all praise be to the holie Spirite.

Gloria in excelsis Deo. Amen.



The Psalmes that are contened in this Booke
are thele 1. 4. 6. 15. 19. 23. 43. 57. 91. 101. 117.
121. 125. 128. Simeons Song, and Gloria Patri.

FINIS.

